TUROK • SHADOWMAN

PRIEST
BROOME
JIMENEZ

A deadly alliance has arisen between Deadside and the Lost Land, forcing Turok to seek out Shadow Man's help! Together they must journey to the land of the dead to reclaim the life of a close friend.

But if the forces of darkness manage to keep Josh there and end the Turok legacy, the entire Earth might be consumed!

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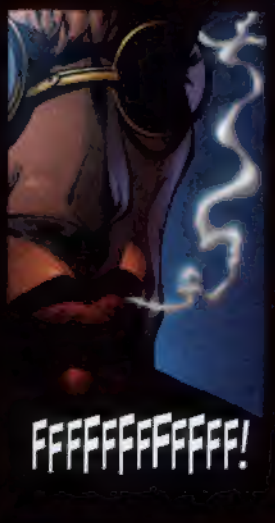


And we're back.

2:15 in The Big Easy. A cool 82 degrees in Jackson Square where the creatures of the night must have taken holiday. Our nightly death toll is at a pathetic low of 3 for this evening. Come on, Vieux Carré— a city so obsessed with facade maintenance— we're falling down on the job.

Moonlight is the klaxon call for murderers and madmen. The night is still young, the line at the Praline Café has shortened to half a block, the rooftops and alleyways are alive with the ministry of our hard-working night strollers.

Secret krewes stage bal masqués in concealed chambers hidden from the prying eyes across Canal Street, while Voudou queens— fat, old, oiled, and naked— ramble out their hag's complaint in between Jerry Springer reruns.

Hello, Desire. I will be among you shortly.

Les Mystéres inhabit the dead, the dying, and the will of tyrants and evil men. The streets are lined with bloated, drunken tourists. C'mon, Bourbon Street— aissez les bons temps rouler—

I don't think you're very damned funny, Leroy.

I agree. I have no sense of humor, that I've noticed.

Right. All that crap about you being undead...

I am not undead. Vampires are undead. I am half-dead. There's a difference.

That's what I'm talkin' about. You being some kind of super-hero... The Shadow-Man or some nonsense...

You are obviously a first-time caller. I am not a super-hero. Were you dying in the street, I would step over you to get a good beignet and café au lait.

Bull. You say you fight zombies and witches...

My mission is to keep the denizens of Deathside from overrunning the Earth. The rest is up to you.

So you run around killing people.

Dead men, possessed men, reanimated corpses, that kind of thing. Mama Nettie called me "The Conscience of the Night," and its protector.

And you talk about it on your stupid little chat show?!? Aren't you afraid the cops will come after you?

There is no statute prohibiting me from shooting people who are already dead. I'm a licensed bond enforcement officer with limited police powers.

You tryin' to tell me the cops LICENSE a zombie hunter?

There is a small fee.

Line 8, you're on the air.

Ramma thal ngeah yusef laganora ha cumma nor edoi—!

Valmont, stop speaking in tongues on the air. Gives me gas.

The Amaranthine Accordance shall utterly destroy thee!!

Okay, well, I'm a little busy tonight... I get off at 3, but I've already got two death bouts and a dental cleaning... what if you utterly destroy me, say, Thursday--? Line 4, you're on the air.

WHAT THE HELL IS WITH THIS ALL-JETHRO TULL FORMAT?!?!?

Tull rocks, sir. Think of it as "Music To Cut Your Throat By." Line 6, you're on the air.

Mr. LEE-Rah, I just love your show.

Thank you, ma'am.

As a Voodoo mastuh, I though maybe perhaps you could help me win at the casinos tonight?

I don't know anything about Voudou, ma'am. I am a Shadow Man, enslaved by the recently and literally jarred Mama Nettie. I have great and fearsome power, but I'm not a Hougnan or anything.

It's kind of a Windows 98 version of Voudou— a point and click type of deal.

Aren't you afraid your high visibility will bring those demons to your door?

I am the Shadow Man, ma'am, the last and most powerful of my kind, capable of banishing and destroying Deadsiders. I am not hiding from anyone. I am in the yellow pages under "Man, Shadow."

Trust me, I am the last thing a dead person ever wants to see.

The Amaranthine Accordance shall destroy thee!!

Thursday, Valmont. Hang up now, you're getting boring. Go ahead, Line 2.

So, in all of this holding back the gates of hell, Mr. LéRoi, let me ask you—

--HOW'S YOUR LOVE LIFE?
MIIIKE--!!
MIKEY--!!
--MR. LEROI--?
EVERYONE I LOVE DIES HORRIBLY.
I... I'M SORRY... I HAD NO...
...SO... WHY? WHY GO ON WITH THIS CRUSADE... THIS "MISSION"--?
CREATURES FROM DEADSIDE CROSSED OVER, GAVE ME FALSE MEMORIES AND KILLED MY FAMILY.
GUESS THAT'S REASON ENOUGH.
AND NOW A WORD FROM DEPENDABLE UNDER-GARMENTS.

You're on the air.

Mr. LéRoi--? I love your show!! I'm at CSU in Boulder, and we pick it up here over the college network.

Thanks. What's your name?

Denice.

How old are you, Denice?

I'm 17.

And does your mother know you talk to Shadow Men?

Now that I'm away at school, there's a LOT of things my mother doesn't know.

No doubt. What's on your mind, Denice?

Well, it's kind of a personal question.

I get those all night long, Denice.

Well, I was wondering if the dead, well, if they-- ah-- do they--

Yes.

Really?

It's pretty much all there IS to do in Deadside. I'm sure you've heard of evil spirits called succubus, who entrance you with desire? That's where they come from.

Wow. Have you-- I mean-- did you ever--?

No, but I hear it's great.

So, does that mean you're celibate--?

I'm a Shadow Man. Not a monk. But I've got RULES, Denice. No corpses or coeds.

What's wrong with coeds?

You can't handle the emotional consequences. You still think this is all recreational— a beer keg and B.C.— ignoring the spiritual side of intimacy. But there is a bond created every time and with every partner, one you're not spiritually or emotionally prepared for.

And, no offense, Denice, but most corpses have more experience. Hello, Line 4.

Uh-- hi, Mr. ah-- Man. I think my neighbor may be dead. How can I know for sure?

Urinate on him. Not many living people would let you do that without a fee.

No, I mean, he may be a zombie or something. I heard you could tell by looking at the pupils— if they have a distinct black ring around the corona...

No, sir-- that's the Illuminati. They have nothing to do with Deadsiders. They just run the country.

What about smell? What does death smell like?

About the same as Brute after-shave. Or Eartha Kitt.

But, I mean, there must be some kind of test...

There are many Deadsiders living among us. Most are up to no good, but some are just trying to live their deaths in peace. If your neighbor isn't bothering you, say, with all-night bloodfests or ritual strangulations, I think it's safe to say he's probably just really old.

Hi, line 7.

Hi Mr. LéRoi. I'm in Florida and... I'm sorry... I just can't stop crying... I recently lost my grandma... and... I was hoping maybe you could contact her...

Sorry, I don't do that sort of thing.

But, aren't you in contact with the dead?

Miss, Deadside is huge. It's like New Jersey. Imagine walking around all of New Jersey looking for your Nana. That's the odds I'll bump into her there. Line 3, you're up.

The Amaranthine Acc--

Line 5, go ahead.

That poor girl was begging for your help! How could you be so-- so heartless--?

You must be a new listener. Last year, Tommy Lee Bones ripped my beating heart right out of my chest and squashed it.

In other words, I am heartless. Line 9?

Uh, hi. I'm an aspiring serial killer, and I'm having trouble coming up with a good enough motif.

Go on.

Well, you've got your Jeffery Dahmers, your John Wayne Gacys, your Joel Rivkins... the Hannibal Lecter thing in that movie was interesting... but nothing's really grabbing me yet.

How about cows? I had this dream about cows the other night. What if, after every kill, you slit a cow open and stuffed the corpse inside the cavity. Now that would be new.

Hey... that might work. Need to walk through the logistics... beta test it a bit... I'll call you back.

Yeah, let me know how that one works.

You're on the air.

Hi, Michael, it's Sandy.

Hi Sandy, what are you cooking tonight?

Trout Meunière.

Just about the easiest fish recipe there is. No one could screw it up unless he wasn't paying any attention at all.

It's the butter. Having trouble skimming it.

Clarifying butter is tricky if you don't do it a lot. Try straining it through a cheese cloth to get rid of the residue. If you don't get rid of the milk solid, the butter will turn toxic in the pan, and ruin the flavor the fish. Or do what I do—go wait in line at Galatoire's on Bourbon Street. Leave this stuff to the professionals. Hello, Line 8.

Shadow Man-- can you settle a bet for us?

If I can.

We're halfway through the Rhadhzi Bone Man human ritual sacrifice. Now, do you eat the heart before or after the decapitation?

Before. It must be fresh, or the whole deal's shot.

Great, dude! Later!

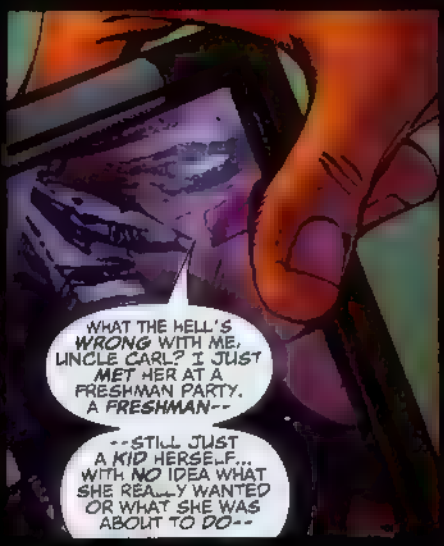
Go ahead, line 5.

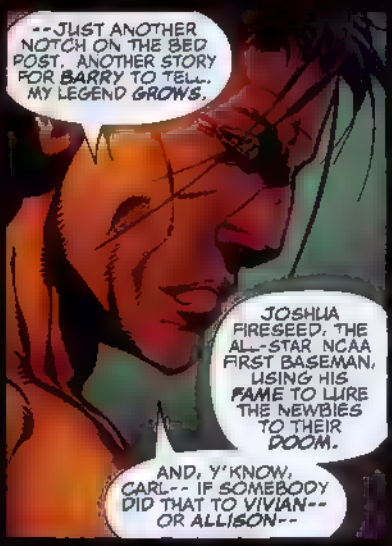
Saints-Cowboys?

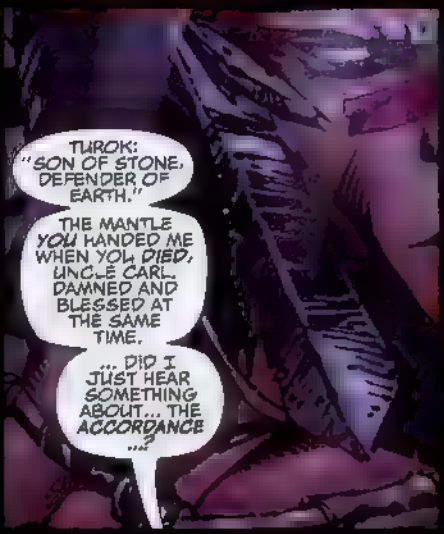
Well, since both teams are already eliminated from playoff contention, the only question is: will one of the Cowboys shoot Billy Joe Hobert in the face, or will Ditka?

I think you're being too hard on Hobert. He's no worse than Jim McMahon, who won a Super Bowl. And Billy Joe doesn't headbutt offensive linemen.

You may be right, but Lamar Smith isn't Walter Payton, and Qadry Ismail isn't Willie Gault. With that in mind, never, EVER compare the Saints to the '85 Bears. Next caller.







You're on the air.

Ey, yo, wassup S-M, it's G-Rock. I move weight over on Poydras. Y'know, rock, horse, herb, ecstasy— and some new designer BLEEP!, knowatemsayin'.

I'm there, G-Rock. Go on.

Well, brother gots to look out for his future, knowatemsayin,' so, I was thinkin' maybe I move my shares of Trakon into a lower-yield but more stable stock, like Beyers-Rinhold or Terry Toys. And convert my mutual funds to T-bills or Index funds or sumathuh BLEEP! to minimize my capital gains sit'iation, knowatemsayin'?

Wait, wait— you got any girls on the street?

Yeah, I'm runnin' some Ho's over on Fonatine.

Well, see, G-Rock, personally, I'd keep my Ho Money separate. Check out the NASDAQ and move the Trakon shares into technology stocks like Empras or Stacer. You can move them as a block, and then keep your Ho Money in a 401k you open with S-corporation documents you could file in Delaware. Leave the mutual funds where they are because, in the long run, I doubt T-bills will out-perform them. Cool?

Cool. Peace out, zombie-dude.

Hello, line 4.

The Amaranthine Accordance shall utterly destroy you--!!

Look, Valmont, this isn't funny anymore. Get a life, please. Line 6, go ahead.

Say-- just what IS an "Amaranthine Accordance," anyway?

Dinosaurs disguised as human beings. It's a long story. Think: a really dangerous, scary version of "Barney."

But, why would they want to kill you?

I'm a Shadow Man. Comes with the gig.

Line 6, you're on.

Hey— I'm a first-time caller from Oakland— this show... this is a JOKE, right? This is sketch comedy, right?

Of course.

I mean, come-onnn... giving advice to serial killers? Instructions on ritual sacrifice?

Trout recipes.

Yeah, see— this IS just all in FUN, right? A killer... a self-proclaimed "Shadow Man," listed in the yellow pages?!? Who runs a nightly talk show?

Sir, have you ever BEEN to New Orleans?

Well, no...

Sketch comedy. You'll sleep much better at night. Line 8.

I'm calling from the roof of the Westin Canal Place! I'm gonna jump-- and YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

Fine. When you get to Deadside, look up a guy named Guts. He knows where all the best bars are. Line 2, you're on the air.

Shadowman— I'm having a helluva time installing a neutral safety switch on my '83 Mercury Cougar.

Is that the XR7 or the LE?

Uh-- how do I know which is which?

The LE has coach lamps. The XR7 has a manual 5-speed gearbox and a turbo.

The turbo.

You have to pull the exhaust manifold and put the switch in sideways because of how the gearbox is mounted, and you'll need a reversible .05mm driver because Ford was transitioning to metrics that year. Line 10, you're on.

Gee thanks a freaking LOT, Shadow Man!! What was that crap about Barney being possessed?!? Now my kid can't sleep!!

Barney is not possessed. Go ahead, Line 7.

I LIKED YOUR SHOW.

SORRY. THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM, YOU HAD THE STENCH OF DEADSIDE ON YOU.
WELL, I LEFT THE DORM WITHOUT SHOWERING, BUT "STENCH"--?
YOU ARE A TUROK, AREN'T YOU? FIGHTING THE ACCORDANCE IS WHAT YOU PEOPLE DO.
FIGURED ONE OF YOU WOULD COME TO ME.
YOU DID--? UH-- WHY--?
YOU'VE COME TO ASK ME ABOUT THE ACCORDANCE.
--?: HOW COULD YOU KNOW THAT--?
MY DEADSIDE ALLIES TELL ME MARSEILLES HAS FORGED A PACT WITH A DINOSOID
WHO--?!
ANDUVAL-ROBERT MARSEILLES, A POWERFUL HOUNGAN AND ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS SERIAL KILLERS OF THE 19TH CENTURY, BOASTED HE WOULD REACH OUT FROM THE GRAVE FOR ALL ETERNITY.
IN DEADSIDE, MARSEILLES AMASSED DEADLY POWER, BECOMING THE WRAITH KNOWN TO DEADSIDERS AS SIMPLY SERIAL KILLER.
I'VE NO DOUBT HE BROUGHT YOU HERE.
WERE YOU RECENTLY ATTACKED?
?: HOW--?
AH... NO...
DO YOU LISTEN TO MY BROADCAST OFTEN?
...NO...
HOW DID YOU COME TO HEAR ME TONIGHT?
A GIRL-- SHE TURNED IT ON IN MY ROOM.
MARSEILLES.
NO-- IT WAS A GIRL--
MARSEILLES CAN APPEAR AS ANYONE.
AND THAT EXPLAINS THE STENCH. EXCUSE ME
WE'RE BACK. GO AHEAD, LINE 5.

I recently upgraded to Windows 98, and now every time I boot up, I get a network error.

Are you on a LAN?

No, but I have a 3Com Fast EtherLink XL 10/100Mb TX Ethernet card. Should I pull it out?

No. Since you have the card installed, the O/S is looking for a network. What you need to do is open your control panel and chose the Network icon. Under configuration, chose "MS Family Logon" as your primary network. Under "components," remove the "MS Network adapter," restart Windows, and you should be out of the woods.

Sounds like a lot...

You're in the deep end of the pool, ma'am. You want simple? Buy a Mac. Line 8—?

What are the words to "Louie-Louie--?"

There are no words, sir. It's actually an ancient Satanic mantra sung at entry-level bloodletting ceremonies, as are most Lionel Richie songs. Go ahead, line 3.

Are you a Satan worshipper, Mr. LéRoi?

God and Satan are matters of opinion, sir.

But aren't you an expert on the occult?

Voudou has nothing to do with the occult. Many Voudou practitioners are devout Catholics.

And you?

I am neither.

Does Satan use Windows or a Mac?

Satan uses Unix.

NO...
...OH NO...
NO--!!
GET OUT OF MY WAY--!!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING-- IT CAN'T--!! IT JUST CAN'T BE--
. BARRY
... BARRY...
MY GOD... WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU...
ALL RIGHT, MISTER, LET'S GET THOSE HANDS UP--
THWACKK!
NNOOO!!
LOOK-- I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THIS--
--BUT I CAN'T LET YOU SLOW ME DOWN NOW-- MY FRIEND'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!
HEY KID-- YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT

TUROK
SHADOWMAN
ARMY OF ONE
Christopher Priest
Writer
Mat Broome
Oscar Jimenez
Ryan Benjamin
Pencilers
Eduardo Alpuente
Sean Parsons
Inkers
Sylvia Broome
Color Art
Chris Eliopoulos
That lettering guy
Mike Marts
Consulting Editor
Omar Banmally
Editor

WELL, MR. LERO, FOR THE RECORD--
--I'M OFFICIALLY GROSSED OUT.
WHY ARE YOU WHISPERING?
I DON'T KNOW. SEEMS LIKE THE THING TO DO.
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME, MR. LERO!-- IT'S MY FIRST MORGUE.
CALL ME ZERO.
WHY--?
LONG STORY.
ALL RIGHT, VALMONT. YOU'VE GOT OUR ATTENTION.
CHRIST, VALMONT.
YOU'RE SUCH A CHILD.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
!?!

BLAM
BLAMBLAM
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BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
--KLIK
BLAMBLAM BLAMBLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BRATATATATATATATATATATAT!!
THOK
THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK THOK
BRAAAH!!
HOW YOU MAKING IT, TUROK?
BRATATATATATATATATATATAT
OH-- JUST FINE--
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BRATATATATATATATATATATAT!!
--THOUGH YOU MIGHT HAVE MENTIONED WE WERE WALKING INTO A MORGUE FULL OF ZOMBIES!!
I WOULDN'T CALL IT A MORGUE "FULL," JUST A DOZEN OR SO--
--JUST VALMONT TRYING TO PISS ME OFF.
CHAKK

AND, TELL ME AGAIN, WHO IS VALMONT--?
YEE-UCK
ZZZMMMMMM!
ZZZMMMMMM!
SERIAL KILLER'S FLUNKY, THE HECKLER WHO KEPT MENTIONING THE AMARANTHINE ACCORDANCE ON MY RADIO SHOW--
AM! BLAM! M! BLAM!
BRAAAT!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
KRAKK!
THIS IS SERIAL KILLER NSULTING MY INTELL GENCE.
TRUST ME--
TATATATA
TATATATA
BLAM
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS SN'T WHAT SERIAL KILLER'S "UP TO"--?
--THREATS MEANT FOR YOUR EARS.
VALMONT IS THE KEY TO WHATEVER SERIAL KILLER IS UP TO--
THIS--?
THIS IS A JOKE.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
--THIS IS JUST SERIAL KILLER'S WAY OF SAYING HELLO.
BRATATATATATATATATATA

BLAM BLAMBLAM BLAMBLAM BLAMBLAM BLAMBLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAMBLAM BLAMBLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAMBLAMBLAM! BLAM
FRANKLY, I DON'T NEED THE THEATRICS.
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

SMASSH!
NOT MY FAULT!! NOT MY FAULT!! NOT!!
VALMONT MERELY LOYAL SLAVE!! NOT MY FAULT!!
THEN I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T MIND TELL NG ME WHOSE FAULT IT S.
WHAT'S MARSE LLES UP TO, VALMONT?
WHO'S THIS DINO HE'S BEEN TALKING TO?
SNIFF SNIFF
"STENCH"--?
START TALK NG OR I BLOW ONE OF YOUR HEADS OFF.
NOT MY FAULT!! NOT!!
YOU KNOW THE GRIS-GRIS ON THESE BULLETS WILL END YOUR DEATH FOREVER.*
TELL ME WHO MARSEILLES HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH--
CHAAHG!!
SPEAK HIS NAME--!!
VALMONT SPEAK--!! VALMONT SPEAK!!
THE DEMON LIZARD IS CALLED...
--KARYAKHAS!!

KARYAKHAS!!
COME OUT AND FACE ME!!
YOU LACK THE ENTRAILS FOR BATTLE, YOUR GUN IS EMPTY-- AS ARE YOU.
AS WAS YOUR FATHER.
NEVER BEFORE HAD THE SAQUINS PRODUCED A TUROK WHO WAS SO GREAT A COWARD AS HE AND YOU--
--YOU ARE CREATED IN HIS IMAGE.
AND NOW YOUR LINE MUST END...
... NO...
... NO...
--YES.
NNOOO!
THWAPP!
CHAKAHA!
I SUPPOSE THIS "KARYAKHAS" MEANS SOMETHING TO YOU?
YES.
IT MEANS I GOT MY BEST FRIEND KILLED.
I SUGGEST YOU GET CHANGED--

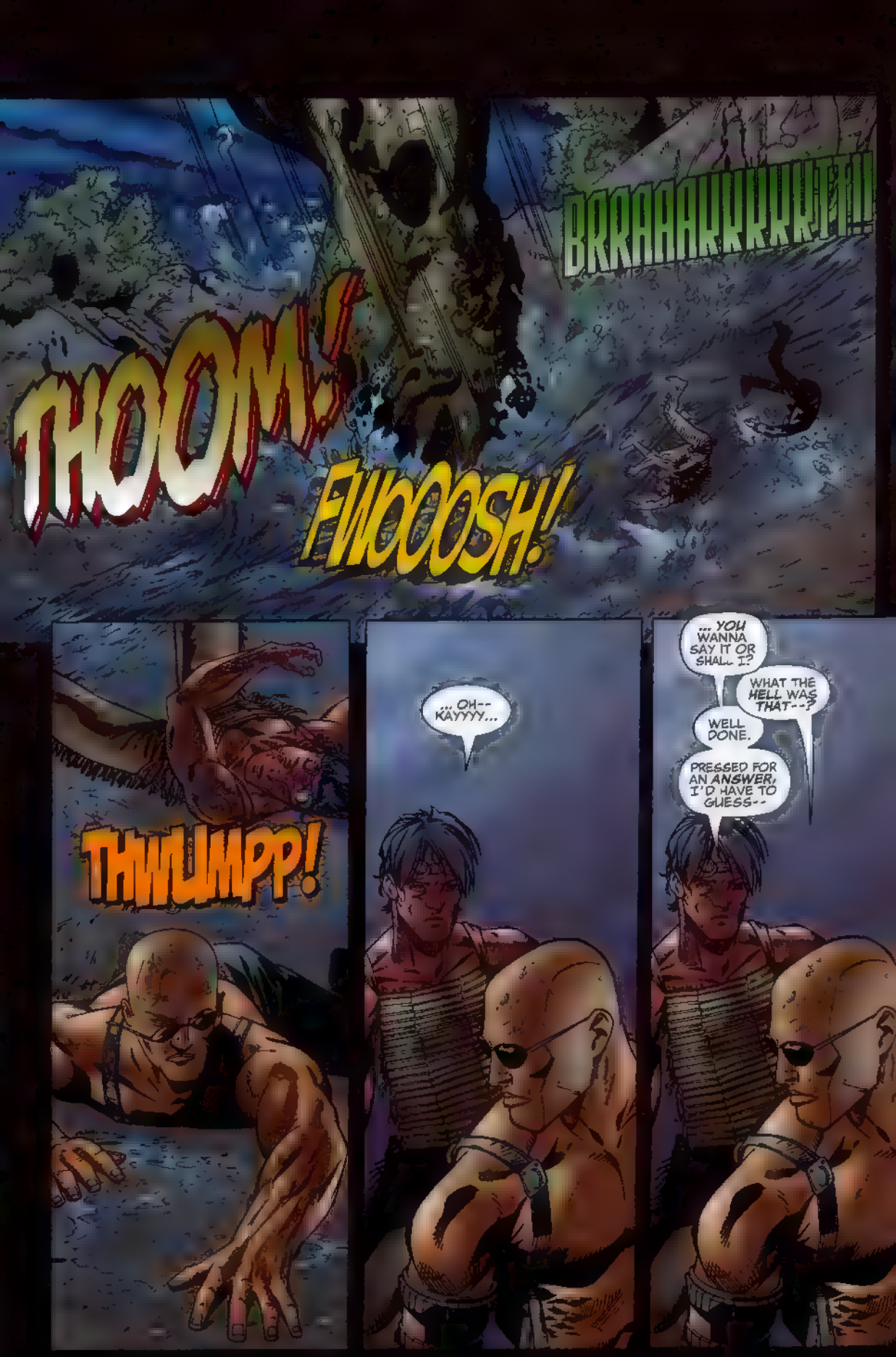
"--WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP."
DEATH.
I CAN SMELL IT.
OH... NO...
...THIS CAN'T BE GOOD...
OF COURSE YOU CAN. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS...
... WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED--?!
WHEN YOUR BOY VALMONT MENTIONED KARYAKHAS, I FIGURED COMING HERE TO THE LOST LAND WOULD BE OUR BEST MOVE.
THESE TIMEFIRE ARROWS ARE DEDICATED TRANSPORTER DEVICES. WHEN I HIT A DINOSOID WITH ONE, IT SENDS HIM BACK HERE.
KARYAKHAS KILLED MY UNCLE CARL. I'D THOUGHT-- I'D HOPED I'D KILLED HIM, BUT THE ARROW ONLY SENT HIM HOME.
I FIGURED WE SHOULD HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM BEFORE WE GO TO THIS DEADSIDE PLACE--
"WE" ARE NOT GOING TO DEADSIDE. I AM.
LURING YOU TO DEADSIDE IS SERIAL KILLER'S PLAN, TUROK. HINT: FALLING FOR THE VILLAIN'S PLAN IS STUPID.
AND I CAN'T GUARANTEE WE CAN BRING YOUR FRIEND OUT. DEAD PEOPLE TEND TO STAY THAT WAY.

I'M GETTING BARRY BACK, ZERO. END OF DISCUSSION--
--YEEOWW--
HOPE YOU'VE GOT AN ASPIRIN IN THAT BAG OF YOURS.
AAAAHHK!
WHAT IS IT--?
--THE-- THE WHISPERERS--
--SPIRITUAL ASSIGNATES-- ATTUNED TO THE EARTH, AIR, AND ANIMAL SPIRITS--
--THEY WHISPER TO ME-- TELL ME ABOUT CHANGES IN THE ECTOTHERIC FIELDS OF ALL LIVING THINGS--
AND THEY'RE WHISPERING TO YOU NOW--?
--NO... NOW...
..THEY'RE SCREAMING..
SCREAMING ABOUT WHAT--?!

BWOOM!
BRATATATATATATATATAT!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
THESE GUYS STINK.
TELL ME ABOUT IT
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
NO... I MEAN THEY LITERALLY STINK.
I GUESS ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE--
--FOR THE MINIONS OF THE CAMPAIGNER!!
CAMPAIGNERS ARE COMPOSITE BEINGS-- MADE UP OF DOZENS OF SPECIES-- OBSESSED WITH THE DARWINIAN PRINCIPLE--
--THAT ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THEY USED TO BE-- BUT I'LL BET YOU A DOLLAR--
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

--THAT'S MARSEILLES.
THAT'S SERIAL KILLER.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
WHICH ONE--?!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
ANY OF THEM. ALL OF THEM
SERIAL KILLER IS A SPIRIT-- HE CAN MOVE BETWEEN THE WORLDS WE KNOW-- APPEAR AS ANYONE-- AND USE HIS HOUNGAN ABILITIES TO ENSORCEL WEAK MINDS!
WHAT-- WHAT ARE YOU SHOOTING AT--?!
YOUR BOW. I CAN USE IT ON THESE GUYS
ZERO...
...THAT'S... A SPECIAL BOW... IT ONLY WORKS FOR ME...
SPLEECH!
WRONG.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
I CAN SMELL DEADSIDE ALL OVER THIS PLACE.
ONE OF THOSE ATTACKERS IS SERIAL KILLER.
LOOKS LIKE MY GUY AND YOUR DINO HAVE COOKED UP SOMETHING BIG. BUT WHERE IS YOUR GUY--?
BY THE WAY... TUROKS CAN SWIM, RIGHT--?
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
SPLOOSH!
MARSEILLES--!!
IS THIS THE BEST YOU CAN DO--?!?
THAT'S IT, ENCOURAGE HIM.
DEFINITELY WOULDA BEEN MY PLAN...
HE'S NOT TRYING TO KILL US, TUROK
REALLY?
WELL, NOW... GLAD YOU CLEARED THAT UP--
--ACTUALLY HAD ME WORRIED THERE FOR A MINUTE...


BRRAAAKKKKKTT!!
THOOM!
FWOOOSH!
THWUMPP!
...OH-- KAYYYY...
... YOU WANNA SAY IT OR SHALL I?
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT--?
WELL DONE.
PRESSED FOR AN ANSWER, I'D HAVE TO GUESS--

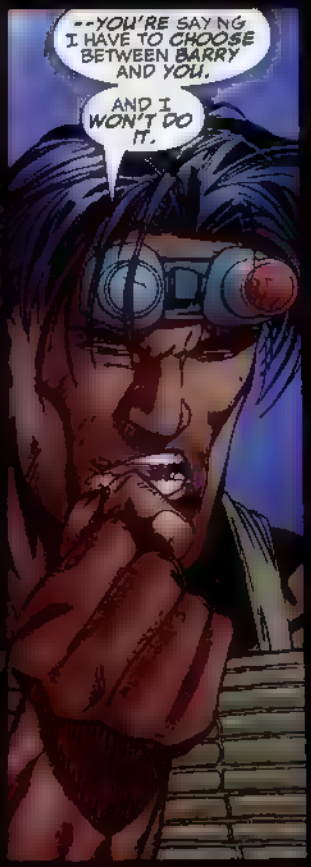
--A FOOT.
RRRWAAAARRRL
RUN?
ABSOLUTELY.
I THOUGHT SO.
GEEZ-- A ZOMBIE DINOSAUR--?!? WHAT THE HECK IS--
(--A WEAPON. THE PRODUCT OF THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN DEADSIDERS AND THE AMARANTHINE ACCORDANCE--)

(--WHICH BROUGHT ME MY FREEDOM.)
MARSEILLES--?
(IN THE MULTI-SPECIES FLESH, MY OLD FRIEND)
RELAX, Z. I GOT THIS.
CAMPAIGNER, MY MAN.
I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA DEMAND A CONTEST-- SO HOW ABOUT A LITTLE GAME.
TUROK-- I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU--
--THAT'S NOT THE CAMPAIGNER--
SURE IT IS.
(AND YOU ARE CERTAIN, INSECT--?)
MY FRENCH IS A LITTLE WEAK, GUY, BUT IF YOU ASKED WHAT I THINK YOU DID, THE ANSWER IS--
YES--!!
KRAK!

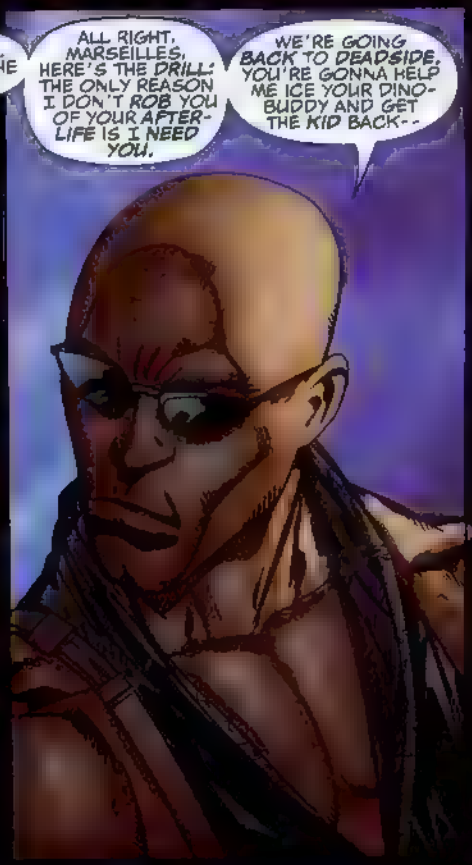
BRUTE, RIGHT?
YES, OR EARTHA KITT.
THINK I'M GETTING THE HANG OF THIS "STENCH OF DEATH" BUSINESS. SO--
--YOU'RE THE CREEP WHO KILLED BARRY.
WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO, JOSH--
--IF YOU HAD LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.
NOW LOOK-- POOR BARRY-- WANDERING AROUND DEADSIDE.
STILL WITHOUT A DATE.
CHANGE FORMS ALL YOU WANT, MISTER--
--BUT YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE UP TO--
--AND WHERE'S KARYAKHAS--
KARYAKHAS IS DEAD--
ZZZAAPP!
ZZZAAPP!

--I KILLED HIM.
YANIK--!
TALK ABOUT YOUR CAVALRY COMING TO THE RESCUE!
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE... OH, THAT'S RIGHT--
--THIS IS ALL HISTORY TO YOU, YOU BEING A TUROK FROM THE FUTURE AND ALL.
I GUESS YOU KNOW MY FRIEND ZERO, HERE.
I KNOW ENOUGH.
SO-- KARYAKHAS IS DEAD--?
AFTER YOU SENT HIM BACK HERE, WE CLASHED-- HE LOST.
AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO RISE FROM THE GRAVE-- AND HE'S USING YOU TO DO IT.
WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN--
DEADSIDE.
THAT'S THE PACT. KARYAKHAS HELPED MARSEILLES GET HERE TO THE LOST LAND-- AND THROUGH HERE BACK TO EARTH--
--IN EXCHANGE FOR LURING YOU TO DEADSIDE.
I-- I DON'T GET IT--

SURE YOU DO. IF KARYAKHAS TRAPS YOU IN DEADSIDE--
--AND HE GETS OUT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TELLING YOU--?!
YEAH-- I THINK I DO--
--I'LL NEVER BE BORN. IF I CEASE TO EXIST, THEN I COULDN'T HAVE KILLED KARYAKHAS--


--YOU'RE SAYING I HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN BARRY AND YOU.
AND I WON'T DO IT.

YOU WON'T HAVE TO.
NICE MOVE. SAVED ME THE TROUBLE.
FFRRRZZZ!


ALL RIGHT, MARSEILLES, HERE'S THE DRILL: THE ONLY REASON I DON'T ROB YOU OF YOUR AFTER-LIFE IS I NEED YOU.
WE'RE GOING BACK TO DEADSIDE. YOU'RE GONNA HELP ME ICE YOUR DINO-BUDDY AND GET THE KID BACK--

--AND MAYBE I WON'T BLOW YOUR UGLY HEAD OFF.
FINE, ZERO. WITH ANY LUCK--
--KARYAKHAS WILL HAVE YOU FOR LUNCH.

JOSH
JOSH.
C'MON-- C'MON-- YOU'RE LATE FOR FINALS.
FINALS, JOSH. Y'KNOW-- THOSE PESKY LITTLE TESTS WE TAKE EVERY SO OFTEN?
...
HEY-- IDIOT--
--WAKE UP--!!
YOU'RE LATE, BLOCKHEAD-- DON'T YOU GET IT?!?
SHOOSSHKH!
WE'RE IN THE SAME CLASS.
YOU'RE LATE AND I'M HERE TRYING TO GET YOU TO FINALS, WHICH MEANS, EINSTEIN--
--I'M LATE TOO.
--OH, MAN... I'M SORRY, BARRY.
YOU SHOULD BE. YOU DIDN'T SLEEP IN THE HALL AGAIN LAST NIGHT.
YOU ARE DAMNED LUCKY TO HAVE ME FOR A BEST FRIEND--
"--BECAUSE I COULD NEVER LEAVE YOU BEHIND."
BARRY.
ZERO'S GONE TO GET HIM.

DID HE NOW? YOU KNOW THAT FOR A FACT? IS THAT PART OF FUTURE-TELL OR WHATEVER IT S YOU'RE FORB DDEN TO DO?!
LIKE HOW ONE DAY I'M SUPPOSED TO LOSE MY ARM?!*
I KNOW YOU'RE ANGRY, JOSH--
IF YOU VE LEPT MY FRIEND TO DIE-- YOU KNOW NOTHING AT ALL!!
HE'S DEAD, JOSH. TIME TO LET HIM GO.
THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE FOR YOU TO GO RUNNING APTER H M.
WHAT-- THE SAQUIN LEGACY-? MY HONOR? MY ARM?! YOU'RE LYING, YANIK-- YOU TOLD ME WHEN I FIRST MET YOU--
--YOUR PAST IS SET IN STONE, BUT MY FUTURE ISN'T. IF I GET WHACKED N DEADSIDE, YOU WON'T CEASE TO EX ST-- KARYAKHAS PLAN IS WORTHLESS!!
WHAT'S YOUR REAL REASON FOR KEEPING ME HERE?! WHAT IS IT YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME?!
...A LOT OF THINGS...
YOU ARE GUARDIAN OF THIS PLACE, JOSHUA FIRESEED. THAT S YOUR DUTY AND YOUR CALLING, AND IT REQUIRES SACRIFICE.
YOU MAY AS WELL GET USED TO IT.
NO SALE, PAL--
--TH S IS ABOUT YOU, SOMETHING ABOUT MY FUTURE-- AND YOU, MY DESCENDANT, YOU'RE TRYING TO SPARE ME SOME HEARTBREAK-- YOURSELF SOME PAIN--
--OR KEEP ME FROM MAK NG SOME CHOICE THAT I HAVEN'T YET MADE. YANIK, FOR GOOD OR BAD, I HAVE TO WALK MY OWN PATH. KEEPING ME HERE AGA NST MY WILL DISHONORS EVERYTH NG WE STAND FOR.
AND IF YOUR ACTIONS UNLEASH UNTOLD HORRORS ON THE WORLD-- AND YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT GUILT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE--
--THEN THAT'S WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
A THOUSAND LIVES-- A MILLION-- FOR ONE?
HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAPPEN?!? YOUR WARNING WILL CERTA NLY MAKE ME BETTER PREPARED--
--BUT THE GUILT OF NOT GOING AFTER BARRY CAN'T POSSIBLY BE ANY WORSE.
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE.

VERY WELL. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET NTO DEADSIDE...

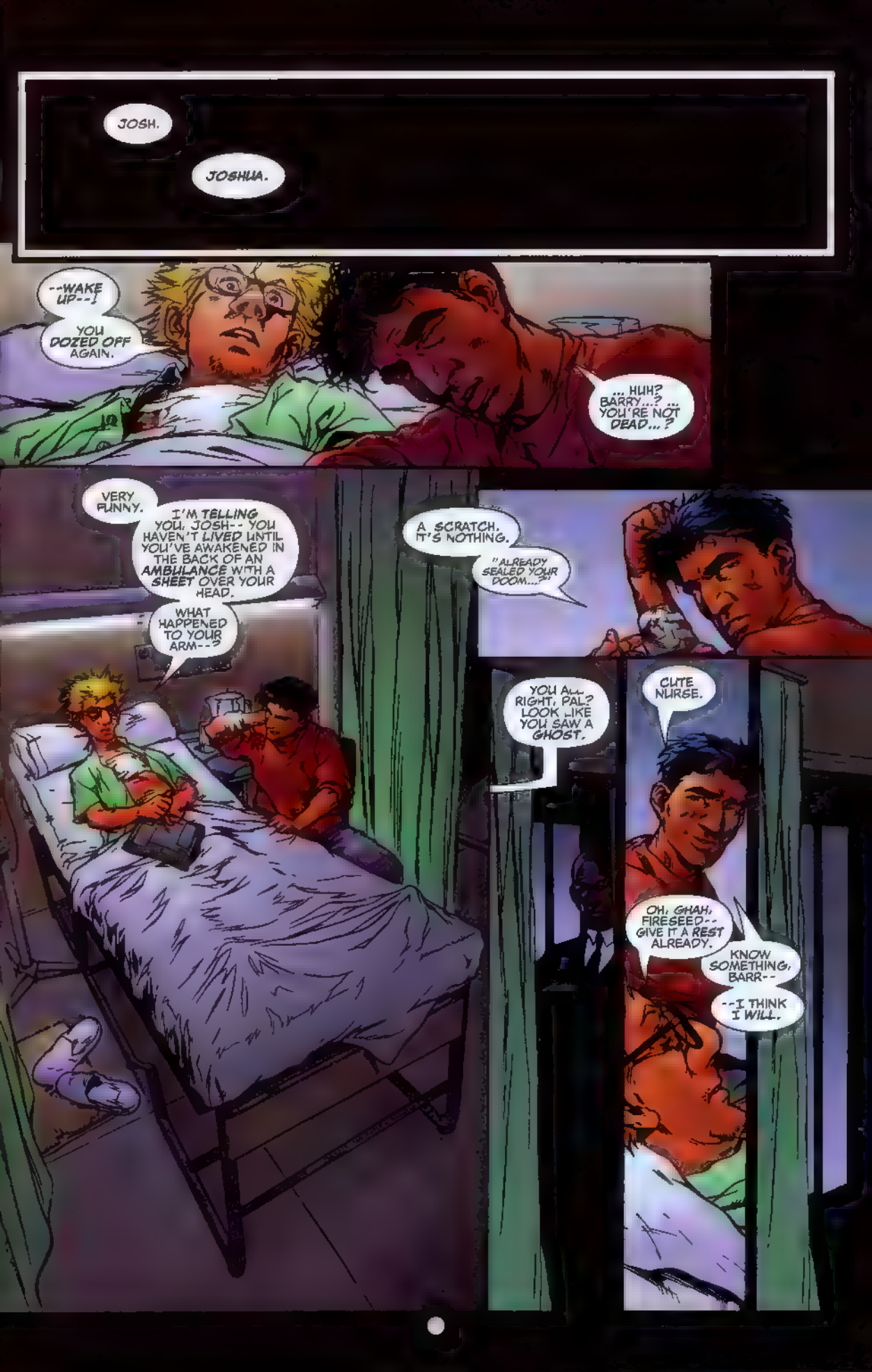
WELL, FIRESEED--
--HERE'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO.
HEY... BARRY, LOOK-- I'M SORRY.
YOU'RE SORRY? YOU'RE SORRY--?!?
OH. THAT FIXES EVERYTHING.
I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD...
BECAUSE THIS IS NOT ACTUALLY MY BODY, DOOF-- I'M A SPIRIT NOW. A COLLECTION OF ELECTRICAL IMPULSES.
AND BECAUSE YOUR VOODOO PAL KILLED ME, I'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED HERE TO THE DEAD VERSION OF NEW ORLEANS.
HEARD WHAT--?! THAT I WAS DEAD?!
... HOW CAN THIS BE..
FIGURES... FIRST TIME I GET ANY ACTION... SHE KILLS ME..
AND SHE WAS A MAN
WHAT?
NOTHING. HAVE YOU SEEN KARYAKHAS--?
WHUMPP!

WHY... YES, JOSHUA. YES I HAVE SEEN HIM.
GOTTA TELL YOU, PAL--
--YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO PUT A FRIENDSHIP TO THE TEST.
ALL RIGHT, KARYAKHAS-- I'M HERE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED, STRIPLING...
...THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SAQUIN TRIBE... AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE AMARANTHINE ACCORDANCE!
TODAY IS FINALLY MY DAY OF TRIUMPH!
KILLING ME WON'T UNDO YOUR OWN DEATH, KARYAKHAS--!!
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF KILLING YOU, SAQUIN.
AH.
THAT'S A RELIEF...
I INTEND TO IMPRISON YOU HERE-- AND END THE SAQUIN LINE FOREVER!
BUT THAT WON'T SAVE YOU, KARYAKHAS--
--ALL YOU'LL END UP DOING IS CREATING AN ALTERNATE TIME LINE.
EXACTLY.
ONE IN WHICH DINOSOIDS RULE THE EARTH.
THOUGH I REMAIN DEAD IN THIS TIME LINE--
--MY VENGEANCE REACHES OUT FROM THE GRAVE!
... DAMMIT...
... THAT'S WHAT YANIK WAS TRYING TO TELL ME... I'M NOT JUST RISKING MY LIFE...
... BUT THE LIVES OF MILLIONS... IN SOME POSSIBLE ALTERNATE TIMELINE

WHAT?!? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!?
YOU MEAN, IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE-- A WHOLE NEW REALITY WILL BE CREATED--
--WHERE HE DIDN'T DIE, AND WHERE FRED AND WILMA DINOROCK ARE LIVING IN MY HOUSE?!
...THAT'S... THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT...
WELL, Y'KNOW, TUROK, SON OF STONE--
--YOU REALLY ARE AN IDIOT!!
KERANGG!
WHAT-- WHAT TREACHERY IS THIS--?!
THE BEST KIND.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

HEY KID.
HEADS UP.
--?!?
--ZERO--?!?
NOW THERE'S A BRIGHT LAD.
BUT-- BUT HOW--?
HOLOGRAPHIC MASKING PROJECTOR-- YOUR PAL YANIK GAVE IT TO ME
AND MY NEW BEST FRIEND MARSEILLES IMPERSONATED BARRY, HOPING YOU'D BE STUPID ENOUGH TO FOLLOW US HERE--
"HINT: FALLING FOR THE VILLAIN'S PLAN IS STUPID."
THIS IS WHAT I'M SAYING.

AND WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU, SERIAL KILLER--?!
LIFE-- OR AS CLOSE TO IT AS I CAN GET.
ZERO HAS AGREE TO LEAVE ME BE IF I HELP HIM. CONSIDERING THE ENCHANTMENT ON HIS BULLETS CAN ROB ME OF EVEN MY AFTER-LIFE--
--IT WAS A REAL BARGAIN.
I CALLED IN SOME FAVORS WITH A COUPLE LOCAL HOUNGANS. SEEMS THERE MAY BE JUST ENOUGH OF A SPARK LEFT IN BARRY'S MORTAL BODY--
--TO ALLOW US TO BRING HIS SPIRIT OUT OF HERE.
WE PUT HIM TO SLEEP. HE WILL AWAKE AND ASSUME THIS WAS ALL A DREAM.
A NIGHTMARE, MORE LIKE IT.
YOU'VE LOST, KARYAKHAS. YOU KILLED MY UNCLE-- TRIED TO KILL MY FRIEND--
--BUT BARRY AND I ARE WALKING OUT OF HERE-- WHICH MEANS YOUR DINO-STY WILL NEVER HAPPEN!!
... ARROGANT... CHILD...
... TOO... FOOLISH TO KNOW...
... THE... AMARANTHINE ACCORDANCE... HAS ALREADY SEALED...
... YOUR DOOM...


JOSH.
JOSHUA.
--WAKE UP--!
YOU DOZED OFF AGAIN.
... HUH? BARRY...? ... YOU'RE NOT DEAD...?
VERY FUNNY.
I'M TELLING YOU, JOSH-- YOU HAVEN'T LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE AWAKENED IN THE BACK OF AN AMBULANCE WITH A SHEET OVER YOUR HEAD.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM--?
A SCRATCH. IT'S NOTHING.
"ALREADY SEALED YOUR DOOM...?"
YOU ALL RIGHT, PAL? LOOK LIKE YOU SAW A GHOST.
CUTE NURSE.
OH, GHAH, FIRESEED-- GIVE IT A REST ALREADY.
KNOW SOMETHING, BARR--
--I THINK I WILL.

AND WE'RE BACK.
A FRIENDLY 82 DEGREES IN THE BIG EASY AT 2:09 A.M.--
KWCL
-- AISSEZ LES BONS TEMPS ROULER, BABY.
TELL ME WHAT'S COOKING TONIGHT.
HELLO, DESIRE. I'LL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.
GIGGLE GIGGLE
SEAN... STOHHHPP!
GIGGLE GIGGLE
... OKAY...
THE END...?

Acclaim's THINK TANK

Comments? Write to: ACCLAIM'S THINK TANK
c/o Acclaim Comics One Acclaim Plaza, Glen Cove, NY 11542

A WORD FROM THE BOSS:

There's and old saying that goes, "It's great to be home." For me, no truer words can be spoken. In the short time I've been here at Acclaim Comics I can honestly say I've found my home; a home filled with a small yet supportive and extremely creative team of dedicated individuals bound and determined to breath new life into the once proud Valiant Heroes Universe.

Acclaim Comics, a company dedicated to creativity and quality publishing, is also "coming home" in many ways. We may be small in number, but we're big at heart and even bigger in determination. As we move forward toward the start of a new millennium, Acclaim Comics is taking a good hard look at its past. We're re-thinking our recent approaches to comic book publishing; re-thinking the characters and concepts that brought us to the forefront of the industry not so long ago; re-thinking how we can once again regain the trust and support of our loyal readers and fans. For Acclaim Comics to move forward we must embrace, value and understand our past. In other words, Acclaim Comics must "come home."

TUROK/SHADOWMAN represents a new beginning for us... a fresh start. It may seem like the old "Dip your toe in the water before diving in" approach, but I can assure you we have a number of great projects planned. The re-launch of SHADOW MAN, the return of QUANTUM & WOODY, and the launch of a ARMORINES limited series tied into the much anticipated Armorines video game, may bring us up to our knees in the water, but we still haven't made that "Big Splash!"
That splash is coming.....

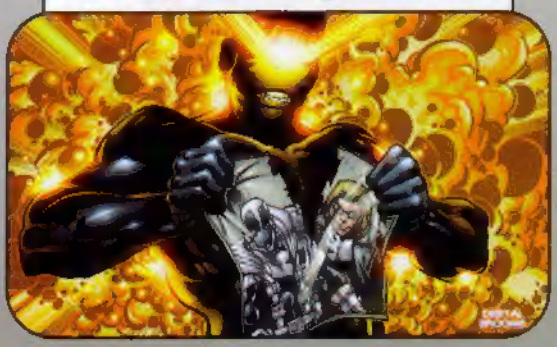
"It's 1999," the editors kept repeating to me. "It's 1999 and we promised our fans we'd do something big. We have to do something... something huge!" Well, that big event is just over the horizon... a great concept now turned into a reality. Pay close attention to the events that unfold over the course of the next few months. Whether you're a loyal fan or a newcomer to Acclaim Comics, you're in for the ride of your life.

Walter Black • Publisher
Joe Caponsacco • Art Director
Omar Banmally • Editor
Michael Marts • Editor

All we ask for in return is that you re-think your views of Acclaim Comics as we re-think ours. Pick us up... read us... "come home" with us. I guarantee you'll be amazed at what a small group of "upstarts" can actually accomplish. You won't be disappointed.

-Walter J. Black II
Publisher

Who is this guy? Find out in September!

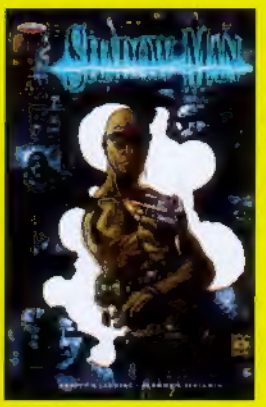


OUT THIS MONTH:

TUROK/SHADOWMAN:

A deadly alliance has arisen between Deadside and the Lost Land, forcing Turok to seek out Shadow Man's help! Together they must journey to the land of the dead to reclaim the life of a close friend. But if the forces of darkness manage to keep Josh there and end the Turok legacy, the entire earth might be consumed!

By Priest, Broome and Jimenez



SHADOW MAN #1

On the borderlands of life and death, Shadow Man–the voodoo guardian of the barriers between worlds–continues his deadly eternal stuggle. Apocalypse is rising, and the insane trueforms of Deadside are trying to puncture their way into the living world and bring destruction down. Shadow Man is ready for the last stand...but is he ready for hell on earth?

By Abnett, Lanning, Broome and Benjamin

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...which must be stopped no matter the cost.

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